BLUE BEAT

edited by george montgomery and erik kiviat

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BLUE BEAT

A Collection Of Recent Sounds

by george montgomery and

erik kiviat

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blue beat

The Gravy and the Glory

Introduction to BlueBeat

The textbooks always note so casually that so-and-so had his first book of poetry published at such-and-such an age by this or that publisher. Nothing is ever said about the anguish, the despair, the maddening frustrations and the soul-breaking manipulations and self-debasement that went into getting that first book out, or, in fact, in getting even one poem printed, Look around and you see the recent history of contemporary poetry dotted with the forgotten bodies of the drowned, the leaping, the car-crash "accident", the gas jet, of the knife, in the graves of the cemeteries--or in the living graves of the offices and schoolhouses. These are the ex-poets who died in spirit. And look, again, at the poets who did not die but were killed by jail-keepers, landlords, and grocery bills, the debilitating pettiness of survival in a ghetto, in a small-town purgatory, or in the isolations of geography, the obligations of family, or the cramp of permanent illness. And think of the poets who were never born because they were never "turned on." It takes a healthy climate to make a living thing grow: the right word at the right time, interest from someone, just some one!, some kind of reception, communication, stimulation especially from other poets. And publication. And distribution. What publication?! What distribution for the unique genius of this unusual country that produces so many poets, and so much poetry out of the barren wastes of a profit-oriented society?

How do poets survive, where do poets go in a country embarrassed by its artists, frightened of its innovators, and distrustful of the very people who, in their impatient passion, love it the most? Yet every new, young poet sustains a hope of being discovered, beautifully published and widely read. He feels his talent will be recognized if he perseveres and that he only needs to hold on and keep his faith in the high art of poetry. When he finds this is not so, when he realizes that there are only a couple dozen poetry-book publishers to drain off the work of approximately 4,000 poets in this country, and only about sixty poetry magazines that survive a year's span of operations, he loses faith in the opportunities which he thought were knocking at his door. But he takes a deep breath and puts his faith more in himself and in his work for its own sake. The public fame, the literary prestige, the dedication, the personal and historical romance of it, all the glorious motivations attributed to poetry seem far off, if not out of sight. It is then his ideas, rather than the rewards, take over his talent and give it direction and purpose. He begins to grow up. Writing poetry now becomes much more demanding, less facile, and certainly less charming and less a poetic occupation than he had originally been led to believe. He is hooked. He is a "bluebeat." And he is a poet.

But no art develops in a vacuum; the stuff has to get out; there has to be response, reaction, an echo or backfire--if the man is to develop. The professional publishers are out of reach; their motivation is not to improve the general climate of poetry anyway, but rather to have a poet's reputation rub off on them. The same narrowing of the funnel-in-reverse applies to magazines. There are just too many poets and too few editors to accomodate much more than those poets who are friends, or friends of friends, and then only on occasion. Nor is the alternative to publish one's self a satisfactory one since it tends to lose an objectivity the poet needs. Worse than the inherent stigma of the vanity

press book is the fact that the poet is obliged to force his surplus copies of his book on friends and acquaintances, which is not the kind of stimulating and spontaneous response he had hoped for.

Another possibility, and one which is opening up a new field of communication, is the mimeographed magazine. It can be produced by any poet, or group of poets; it avoids large monetary entanglements, and its distribution is impersonal and objective. And best of all, a mimeo can experiment with new ideas and expose new poets because it can afford to fail. In fact, mistakes in policy, or editing can be valuable experiences rather than blundering public exposures which an expensive magazine, by its very pretention, cannot afford to make. Also, the competitive scramble for excellence is less important than that much more rare quality: development for its own sake--development of the magazine itself, and the development of the poets in it, instead of the full-blown, drop-dead sell-out of a public and topical success.

One of the better examples of this attitude of out-going self-conviction and active independence has been George Montgomery's and Erik Kiviat's mimeographed magazine Yowl, which began publication a year ago. And the magazine you are holding in your hand, BlueBeat, is a kind of self-sustaining, self-energizing, spontaneous explosion that has come flying out of the Yowl series. And the contributors, while individuals in their own right, represent the independent poetry movement in the lower east side of New York. Will any of these people "make it"? In my book, they have already made it because each of them knows what it means just to try to be a poet. If any--or all--of these poets become literary figures in the national sense, making big reputations for themselves, and lots of money, are booked by the academies and published by the big houses, that's so much gravy and glory they will have earned, but these eventualities are irrelevant to the fact that they are poets now, mature and experienced, reading and writing, and actively contributing to the current scene and shaping the foundations for work still to come, not only work from themselves but from the next generation coming up. If you really want a reward-oriented culture, a leisure-class culture, a textbook-and-archive culture, or a money-economy-culture, you've already got it--up to the ears. But if you want an American culture that comes out of the living people directly engaged in it for its own sake--which is the only true source of culture anyway--here it is! --BlueBeat.

Kirby Congdon

"Hay que huir,
huir por las esquinas y encerrarse en los últimos pisos,
porque el tuétano del bosque penetrará por las rendijas "

El Rey de Harlem, Federico García Lorca

"One must flee,
flee from the shores and shut oneself up in the top storeys,
for the marrow of the forest will penetrate thru the cracks "

from The King of Harlem, EK

Margo Love

If you should leave me
Tell the gray birds
That sleep in my hair.

Sing gently your song
Upon their heads
So at dawn I might listen
As they sing you.

Leave unnoticed;
Like the jade flecked
Turning of the leaves.

As you entered; so
Must you leave-
Silent like the great hush of rain
In marsh reeds.

Ride the river wind
Of Autumn's Geese, Until
You rest
In the soft dark of another year.

Ray Bremser

rain poem

jun-4-1960
collision be
soft shock out of
raw water falling whose sky-
falls swells the abrubt beyond
sudden steeped streets
in regalias of rain.
the time
on the clock, 2 pm: the
report from airport quite
correct...it will rain.

a barbiturate hailstorm
nicely rattling windows,
the rain big as dollars
against glass ping-pang
louder than cars squiping
(--among it? i
sleep.)

goblets of water-
merchants full to
brim and whetting the strop
razor-rain
sleet-sleep,
no power like deluge in
living or sleep...i
recall the aquarial sense
of strange automobiles in wet dreams,
tho how they arrived is unknown, they
careened around accident-corners and

woke me.

collusion be
ton of roar rain
slam, the grand pow whap-up,
wet sister of avenue turning
, destroying the side-street
no (matter of farmers in this
rain) place anywhere, i

think -- outside the rocked glass
and distortions of windows too wet
to believe,
three cars upended on
sidewalk, rim-spinning
the raw rain undaunted, but white only
around where otherwise rain
of ram bloody red...

(cont. next page)

(Ray Bremser cont.)

corrosion.
the vast
vandals of
acreless cabbage,
growing.
wind blowing.
in--& everywhere,
teems.

Jim Brody

Two Tragic Poems

(1:"The Norwegian Reader")

I sit on your red fuse loop de loop aluminum horses

overhead

a Chinese cloud

(2:"Saturday Morning")

you move
on the corridor to the tight blue air

I love you I love you I love you love

and as you move
somewhat slowly against the mathematician's mossy ridges
stars reappear
as heat releases the cool white chemicals
travelling down
the long thin patio

as it changes me changes the irritable nourishing envy
where hills walk with their shadows
tucked beneath the flesh

and does it end with smudged terminals thieving that energy
which we supply each other, that excitement
breaking the heaviness with which your breath cut
the rigid magnetic blueness

or does it end with a shower of baseballs.
as I lay in bed tangled with a dark mane against a blinding neck
about to knock on a brown door

Jerry Greenberg

OCCUPATION - UNEMPLOYED

I've built a house of trouble
Its deviant design an architecture
Received beneath a corridor of lamps
The necessary breeding ground of anti-heros
Fighters against the grain
That grows from hollow dreams.

In the valley of my sight
Everyone smokes reefer to excercise
The hidden fingers of my honesty.
But on its enclosing screens
Are profections insight
Hung with the colors of its messages.

So I'm holed up now on the East Side
In my house,
A few implements
For comfort
(the dark-towered castle of learning
sets her knights against me)
In this structured shell where I hope
To everyday desist.

Jonas Kover

Like if I don't stop playing Crazy Jesus
I'm going to get crucified;
And I don't want no Madonna at my feet
To cry for me when I die.
And I don't want no mad disciples
To warp what the hell I preach.
And I don't want no stoic masses
Where millions commune with me.
So why the hell don't I stop playing
Crazy Jesus?

PARANOIA I

He's after something
of mine
I'm sure.
I will be shrewd
and bundle all
My lifelong possessions
and cats
and wife
In a corner
under the rug.
Surely he will not notice them there.

Judson Crews

LOVE WITHOUT COURAGE

Evacuate the high tower
lamps moving dimly before us
Deaver only calling halts
shouting boldly "Pass on"
thus our lives circumscribed
flowing like estuaries

Oh earth denuded of tender
oh branchless tree of spring
the war of our soul pales us
the marionette gains ascendancy
this our love without courage

W A K E

To pause this breath
on the arm of despair
could we hold it thus
on the wintery night

The coffin is stable
we utter release
hold my hand darkly
the month is most ended

The scarf is so prim
the light reveals roundly
hark to the testament
held breathless till morn

Jay Socin

Prayer

Killers of cockroaches and crabs
of flies and bedbugs,
Allah have mercy on your souls.

Butchers of cattle
fish and grass
Allah have mercy on your souls.

Pollutors of air and water,
invaders of rights and freedoms,
Allah have mercy on your souls.

Manufacturers of traps and cages
stealers of time and affections,
Allah have mercy on your souls.

Machine gunners of children
on a Berlin Wall,
watch the little humpty dumpties fall,
Allah have mercy on your souls.

Murderers of white postmen
who death-march for blacks,
of black marchers who write
love letters to whites
in the red ink of their blood,
Allah, Allah, have mercy on your souls.

Paul Blackburn

How to Sublet an Apartment to Friends

' Que los cobre ' me han dicho

But the earth's so full
the night so full of stars, neither
time, thought nor inclination,
Miranda.

But the words burned a second time, consumed
the manuscript
'___such people in it '

Friends may forsake me
sonnyboy,
but a flight of small green birds
from the irrigation-sluice where they were bathing
in the morning freshness
bursts at my left hand
as one sound
into the wild blue yonder of a
fig tree
which I don't care a
whether there are or not
grey skies
this fine cool morning,
I know your worth, sonnyboy.

bio

Barbara Moraff

when i was 16 staring into the future
seeing there death passages of money
i shiverd & called out to life, Come/eat
me drink me
& the car i was in that midnite crashd
& death glass took the right side of
my face & death ceased to exist. i got
attachd to what wild meat we are
& that year also tried to give my cherry up
the lad's mother calld mine, w/mice between
her teeth/i was so horrified i spilld
cigarette ash all over the black velvet
armsling i wore. which told me nothing
so i split, ½faced & all for deathcity
w/the clothes on my back & Daniel Defoe
for map. eventually i married a mushroom.
& now am fking around w/the seeds
of the virgin. living w/the shaman of the ax.
otherwise known as el syd.

Gaussian noise
all frequencies
occur
only the flesh
illusion all else. to be sold.
to be givn images to be givn what you
have.this bed
is not for us.
everytime we talk the coffee goes
cold in its cups.what gods busy between
yr eyebrows flash flash & know all
abt yr dreams
now talking. n distances drunkard leopard
loopey mobius hrs w/out animal
nature.what,dungheap hides the future
buddha,see homo sapiens
written all over the place,man,i cant
stand this
half-tone bit
the wind flame creaking its paper wolves
inquisitive you standing there in the long window's
light turned
half to empty half to dark
& yr exceptional physique a play of light
half to dark,drawn,plink
plink

Under the stubble and thumb of dawn
Fishes gasped on ecclipse and collapse of tide;
And round the pocked circumference of the moon
An autumn skyscape manned its stars to ruin.
in visions of Kingdome come crystal
Blackbirds rose mid yellow strings of sun;
False-dawn like a flash in the misted span
Wore yet its darkling crests,
Till dappled leaf-light burst through silhouette.
Winding, the river threads its way
Fern-delicate, immersed in folded light,
And whirligig pinwheels of sparrow wing
Mesmerized high-Heavens in their flight.
Midst a russet-hymning of wind in wet stalks
Sunbursts nestled on their gloss;
Dawn broke in ponds of dusted light
And tissued the wingtips of public swans.
Spewing logarithmic worlds of floss
Against the mossy bank and riffled bark
A spider starkly crept before the sun
Antiqued each wisp of cloud in yellow fluff;
Sparked anew his web enmeshed a dawn
Whose wind-flayed shadows crisscrossed spectrally,
Pale bowls of frost were hurled against the blades,
Splayed twigworks brushed the skies diagonally.
But over an urban Sargasso sea
And its methodized hodgepodge of chromium groves,
Mist nudged and diminished the vanishing-point
And its steeped green traffic of riverbank slopes;
To a wringing of hands pale as rain, the city woke.

Alex Mason

[illegible]

[illegible]

Under the stubble and thorn of dawn

[illegible]

Tiny dragons [illegible] of tide;

[illegible]

And round the poetic circumference of the bank

[illegible]

Horn-decorated [illegible]

[illegible]

And whirling [illegible]

[illegible]

Reconvened [illegible] in [illegible]

Midst a [illegible]-burning [illegible]

[illegible]

Subverts machine [illegible]

[illegible]

Dam broke in [illegible]

And released the mighty [illegible]

Sprawling logarithmic worlds [illegible]

Against the [illegible] bank and [illegible]

A spider [illegible] crept before the [illegible]

Antiqued [illegible] web of [illegible] in yellow [illegible]

[illegible] amoe like web [illegible]

[illegible]-flecked shadows [illegible]

[illegible] of [illegible] were buried against the [illegible]

[illegible] bodgeonke treated the skies [illegible]

[illegible] over an urban [illegible]

[illegible] mothballed bodgeonge of chromium [illegible]

[illegible] and diminished the vanishing-[illegible]

[illegible] green traffic of riverbank [illegible]

[illegible] of hands pale as rain, the city [illegible]

[illegible] over an urban [illegible]

[illegible] mothballed bodgeonge of chromium [illegible]

[illegible] the vanishing-point

[illegible] traffic of riverbank slopes

[illegible] of hands pale as rain, the city [illegible]

Jack Micheline

Poem to Greek Sailors

The sea is green beyond the mountains
Beyond the desert of the pale
The dancers bend against the rocks
Young Greek sailors on the sea
wander to lost cities
Their proud defiant history
Strong young backs against bulwarks
Break bread they weep
together with the seas!

The City

The city rose out of a flower
cunning and sharp
clothed in rag or top hat
dagger at its heart
the streets disguised with perfume scent or dung
the dreary compromise of its face
hardened as a pimp or financier
the middle classes drag their ass
the rich bored with excitement
the poor, their dreams strung like a clothesline
The city rose out of a flower
cunning and sharp
like a drunken street or a nowhere bar
down on the rocks they drink wine or kerosine
we have a choice how we die
cunning and sharp
clothed in rag or top hat
there is a dagger at your heart

Bob Blossom

Here I walk
Said the man
In the cloisters
Of our age
Thinking

Apicture is
Worth a song

A wing is
Worth a
Word

A bitter life
Is not for me
The end

Down among
The rocks
The bird
Splashes
Freeing
Itself

Down among
My rocks
Splashes

Down among
My tears

(cont.)

Here I walk
Said the man
In the gin-mill clothes
Of our age
Thinking

Anything worth to
Sing a lonely song

A song in which is
Worth a
Word

A history of blood, it is
Is not the man for us
The end ''s end

Been walking
The endless roads
The lonely blind
Thoughts-thoughts
Freeing-freeing
Himself Him-if

Been walking down among
My reality roads
Dreams-nightmares

Been walking among
My reality roads

(cont.)

Bob Blossom
(cont.)

And loneliness

And you

There

Boy

Where are you?

Now.

John Keys

Poem

the only Divine Law is Love.
& Love is a greater abstraction than Time.
Old Kings, avoiding all this, blinded
by the Sun glinting off the gold-gilt

& Time is a greater abstraction than
Man, in whom the regions of his
neighbors' land is not gold but

destiny, as the migrations from
the Caucasus steppes, that archeological
flanking movement Rommel would have
reversed, who couldn't win because
his tanks had to move into the sun
because all that earth had shifted
buried that gold, and the time.

(cont.)

John Keys
(cont.)

only Cyaxares had it right and Themistocles
The Japanese soldiers fucking their rubber
woman-balloons on the beaches, the sun,
warming their backs as they lay dying, dying.

For the want of land, rubber trees,
petroleum, a place to set an aircraft
down in Hawaii with the Sun
On it. Good God it was love

all the time if but one reaccurance
could have followed directly
after the first wise & loving monarch
who did not think of himself as
mighty, but was, simply, unabashedly
in love with his own people on
his own land, sent his messengers
to the ends of the earth telling
everyone
natural death is tough enough.

Carol Bergé

portrait: west coast poet

o the messages from
  sidewalk cracks from
  playing cards
  picked up on succesive nights
  correctly consecutive and often by suits
in this her chosen city
she reads tarot
    succombs to subud
                fake jewels capes velvet
                huge black hats and
                woven goods from oaxaca
                beads from elephant graveyards
                found at goodwill

years from her vienna
years past the chicago years of
      loving other women or
            delicate musician junkies
of purple hair and
   gradually gone teeth
                she leans into fantasy

from a high window she
closes her eyes to see better the worlds
perches
       a terrible tamed wild owl
       a crow cawcawing
       a definite language
                animal curlings
                fishbones and teeth
                the african messages or
                feathers of new birds
                herbs no one has ever tasted

ah the breath whistling down
   the face through stained glass
            sometimes green sometimes violet
            always distant always an
                edge

—

Secrets II

Barbara Jarvik

Wild the wishes & young they
insist on begging
loaves of gold or arctic
lemons.

young these wishers for such
ornate parlors stiff with
upholstery.

lesser seasons came & settled
on their shoulders but the
vendor never had the
exact merchandise

men cannot often sell
experience.

The Walk
or
Relativity

I seem to have misplaced my head
)she said.
And it was so she
ended where her shoulder were.

Them, she shrugged
put her bonnet on
& took a walk.

The men on the street turned
like swivel-chairs.
There's something different about that girl, what-is-it
they said.

She has big hips said Joe &
YEAH said John & they had both
introduced themselves
within a minute.

MUGGING UP Ted Berrigan

This sea is finished.
Another one begins to bubble under you
All, here among our interesting friends
And their personalities, which seem familiar and are
Not less interesting for it. We are, it seems, distant dreams
Of night which is happening on us, like old and friendly sounds
Of seascapes and far off bridal pathways. We are ancient lovers,
Laced effigies of us see us here. We go off to them.
Guns go off. At six years old we were hauled around by large
interesting women
Who felt themselves to be part of some blue confederation
Vast and evil to a small blonde girl infatuated with bluegrass
and a small boy's notion of being good:
But that was in Kentucky, where I enjoyed being despised
By you, but you seemed less interesting to yourself for it,
Especially in your riding boots. He thought that, too, because
Although the object of these pages it to describe the genesis of
struggle,
How many times you have called me, sad and satiate, back to
gruesome dawn,
Sanctified horizons clear and cool, an opiate to "us"! Why?
Since when we were in the shower together we thought about being
There, clean and comfortable. This is why the thought
Of doing <u>that</u> again disgusts you, perhaps. The dry pages
Replaced themselves with interesting things such as boots,
Soap chunks reminding you of the brittle way you took baths
And started to be connubial with me. Swiped! All that!

Then you got respiratory syphilis. The interesting doctors agreed
The fatuous goiter must go. You were under aether seventeen days
and sixteen nights. It was then you had a vision, which later
you described
In your interesting poem, "Journeys Through Heaven And All":

> "The pear colored ocean washed me up on the shores
> Of the grass. We were moving faster and faster. Grimy
> Death was bubbling. I was saving things: bulbs. Sax-
> Judd. Feek. Mother. Blue-balls. Dinky-dilly. Ugh.
> There were other interesting words, but you forgot them.
> Then you remembered them but they had become disgusting."

That was when you began to refer to yourself as "Hot Chocolate"
in secret places with plume names.
I told you to cut that out. You attacked me with a flying scissor-
hold, I put on my hat and coat and liked Nancy.
Competitive spirits assaulted me down in the arroyo, so
I bought her an alchemist's kit! It was furry (if you know
what I mean.) This you understood, causing rain.
My hair was like rain too. It was hairy. So I fell down
And got scabrous but six fat nurses put a hairy band-aid on me.
Glee! Really! Let's see. More hot rain came, and was mean.

(cont.)

(Berrigan cont.)

Nancy has decided to abjure Roman Catholicism and make "love"
instead. I guess this means spiritualism. I guess
We need Yeats or Houdini. Aha, it's waking up. Can I play with it?
Carol, unlike Nancy, keeps on deciding for sex. She calls it
Truthfulness. We call it Hygiene. After the surprising conversion
Carol
Peeped into our parenthesis. The exact opposite becomes true
as soon as I put my hat back on, jump into my Bugatti,
give "the signal" to Francis Picabia, and head for
the Long Hand Section.

Gerard Malanga

Sonnet XXLV

(Homage to Joseph Ceravolo)

By the now Eastward Bronx, and, to the West,

Sedgwick, the Hudson, and Newark.

It is 5:14 A.M. in Manhattan and the Jersey Tubes.

All my thinking is smothered in smoke

And sleep that takes me home again is best.

The terminal is a matter of stone. What whispers us

Their praises? It is night. You are asleep. Soon, soon,

Soon the green jar turns blue on the sill.

Remembrances now intersect each other:

Faith Franckenstein, Grymes Hill, Graham Beach.

Snow makes clothing a kind of necessity.

The future tense liberates the mind.

The train no longer here, the party left behind.

I watch in you a vast library of dreams born in my lines.

Harold Carrington

...O that
be
O

pregarder-him
below
O, conrad ziggy fishmouth
battlements down to up up Ex-treamly Fa-meel, nasty
con-niverOr muble throw mine spinal fishey-back below be
low downly Fa-Ma-Heel & him too, also a serious color, BLACK be found
now we go in the absence being, mores thee more than spinal smoke, which
straf
the clouds of continuous roar, bleep w/ a bang becomes
tho she does her part
& i, cd've preferred her dead
locks the fucking,variety
choice
ly cut bring abt the dumb child will seek to submit
where i dont not be
leave Bastard Bastard Bastard
now
cross breederies in the filthy night, do as you please, janu:
"I Don't Mind Killing This Enemy, But I Like Their Women"
caress, my face
did not Be in O from reservations
feelings
of my own none to
bless 2 damns of yr
caring
i,
brung you w/ me!
& that is enough, leave
me to handle my heart
survivor of emotions

& then came the night
& then came percussive authorization
& then
then
representational health purposes
necessarily vio LENT ary, the rest
(free form) of iseem to be apperuvial
assumptions!
assumptions!
never not is the clearly life
never not is the dead bones

Stanley Fisher

RATTLESNAKE PAD

How I like women, wearing the
trials of the road, hard gear boots, cartridge-
hard face and 42 caliber eyes glinting.
Her coterie of men in dirty flac
and fur lined levis- Surrounding her
in their bearded hydrophobia...
And I ask, "Where are you
living," and she replies-
"No where-- just living around-
I've got to get a place--"
A place is where her men can feel
her anus and her hot buttocks over
cheap wine and aromatic hump-
move her from one body to the
next like sneaky pete-
or a long stemmed skin-peeling
pipe of the soft-edged red skin
long dead on the
rattlesnake pad-----

Jerry Greenberg

NEW FACES

Most
people are eggs that never hatch
The park in the city is a mark
of guilt
So the faces without hearts
Turn the street inside-
out.

Eggs are like people without faces
Without a mark of hatching,
Parked conveniently in the street
Turn them inside-out
find the guilt,

Find the mark
In the street
park
broken window
That mirrors the hidden
faces
people
Afraid to hatch the guilt they know
is
in their hearts.

(co

Turn your heart inside-out

Find a way

to mark the guilt

to

(like eggs in the park)

hatch faces in the city.

* * *

Tuli Kupferberg

WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE

Earth has not anything to show more foul:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its infamy:
This city doth like a subway howl
The ugly of the evening; silent, bare,
Shits, pushcarts, dumps, trucks, and garbage lie
Closed into the bricks, and unto the sky;
All dull and noxious in the smoky air.
Never did neon more uglily stoop
In his last pallor, glass, brass or grill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, disgust so deep!
The river smelleth at his own sour will:
Damn it! the very people seem asleep;
And all that mighty brain is lying still!

(- Tuli Turdsworth)

Charles Guenther

POEM

(From the French of Antonin Artaud)

I was alive
and I was there forever

Did I eat?

No
but when I was hungry I drew in my body and didn't
eat myself
but all that was decomposed
a curious operation took place
I wasn't sick
I'd always get better
by what returned behind my body
my body betrayed me
it didn't know me well enough
to eat is to bring ahead what should stay behind

Did I sleep?

No I didn't sleep
It takes refinement to know how not to eat
To open our mouths is to offer ourselves to miasmas
Then no mouth!
No mouth
no tongue
no teeth
no larynx
no esophagus
no stomach
no abdomen
no anus

I'll rebuild the man that I am.

Bob Blossom

My Uncle Speaks:

"I am lying in a grave south of Cleveland.
Two feet of snow cover the ground.
A man walks by, cold.
I know him to the bone.
His foot is a cane head.
I lick it a little.
Do I not govern his destiny?

"Spring.
The trees are excited and I am jealous.
I see a pink bud bloom on a tree. It believes
it is the only truth.
But then I see many pink flowers on the tree and
I love them.

"Fall.
Yellow leaves blow on the ground.
A man walks by.
I know he knows a small portion of death
and I am proud."

Lynn Fisher

Vermont

the river's full this month
at night
I close the window to keep out the rush
of moths
and smell of apples filling
my red shirt is stained with grass
sticky from a forgotten pocket of berries
only two weeks left in August
then we're going
where
Farther up the river they've started mowing
the tall rough grass
we walked in.

* * * *

Aram Saroyan

It's midnight again.
I smoked two cigarettes
just now
lying on my bed.
The clock going
from one day into
the next.
Today.
Here it is,
already,
again,
again its midnight,
just past
midnight,
in my room.

In my room, early morning, a cigarette
going, my clock next to it,
etc. etc.

The minute—let it be the form!

Thinking to describe the cigarette just now,
I was reminded of the other night
looking at my thigh—and thinking

calligraphy!

Lorna Flakes

Vacant

the crowds full this month
at night
I close the window to keep out the rush
of cabs
and small of engine fitting
my mat might be stained with grease
which, from a forgotten packet of Gauloises
only one weeks left in August
film makes going
where
Fretted on the river theatre started feeling
the full room great
we walked in.

* * * *

Ann Darrow

Like midnight again.
I wonder ten cigarettes
just now
lying on my bed.
The clock going
from one day into
the next,
faster,
then it is,
already,
again,
midnight like midnight,
just such
midnight,
in my room.

In my room, early morning, I wonder
going, my clock must go in,
now, etc.

The studio—lost in the front

Thinking to describe the cigarette just now,
I see remnant of the crime night
looking at my blue-eyed twinkling

calligraphy.

Stephen Tropp

TARNISH

Moss of the caves of death parts for a clearing where
The snow man's smile & the hairy crotch are given their fullest
play
Where the endlessness of the female form waves flags of cadaver
Where the hallucinatory fury of night time sugar
floats its tattered grass lips through a labile
countryside
Where a blaze of skulls grinds toothpaste bones
Where carnivores furnish themselves with reds & blues
that melt to blackened violet
Where a darkling thinker osculates through a wrought gold maze
Where 19 silver birds strain through a sieve of trees
Where a festival trembles
Where a hymn of hums is heard
Where darkness that last flower of manhood
In gorgeous stealth
Appeals to the appearance of no direction

American Saga

In this suicide, I find my birth;
my wild-west is death and tears
squeezing through my closing eyes.
But I survive
when your body's strength, extended,
fills my veins, blesses me
with the smile of men, the smell of musk,
the reckless blooms of the young gun's smoke
like rare plants picked and plucked,
the cruel crush of bursting stars
hot-and-heavy through my stung insides.
A hero's easy bullets, triggered, jar the bone,
as the gun's sharp shot, and powder blast
bang a hard salvation's grace
in a public dream of private pain.
And you watch me die
--hero/villian next to you and in your arms--
and all my happy endings end like this,
in the full-length rehearsal
of death's last caress
in your tight-trousered body's black kiss.

Three poems from the

GOBBLE GANG POEMS

the fat old banker fascist
with a handlebar moustache

& a penis
as smooth as
a prussian baton

came on rigid & stern
like some Von Clauswitz

& consuela
not batting an eye
as she hit his dick
with some high power

labio-velars
said

ok, let's make Krieg, motherfucker

* * *

it was LSD made
herby the balding faggot
berserk

as he uncooled himself mid-street:

I am the mad cock
of 40 two street!

across the lights
a white stag leaping
hot cock into the dawn
the eyes of the hunter
streaming out of every darkness

Mesheguna!
tantus firmus
the mad cock!

of forty second street
the Mesheguna Gott

(cunt.)

verricht & full of wisdom

with a scrotum
full o the froth of the sea
& a penis full of the river!

6 cops, consuela, & 3 Fish Queens
hauled his ass off of Grant's signboard

* * *

consuela was rimming
the Banker's
hairy crack
to the left of the gun stalls & pinballs
in the arcade

the motherfuck had paid her 50
for the Golden Shower

which shook her glazen eyes &
tore her mind

o peace for her
the turds drop around her
& the unearthly vision
not Dante's gleam of the Giant Beyond in Beatrice's eyes
but in the chasm of a banker's ass

the vision of the Eye

un folding

ply over ply
nor could she enter it by probing
the Dark Chasm
beyond despair
o peace for her peace peace

plop
it is the Eye

The cosmic Butcher gouges in her mouth

it is a super nova

in her brain

* * *

A Young Poet Asks...

1) "What evidence can we muster to show that a work of art can become effective politically or socially? Orwell says art is propaganda, but can we say it really works?"

You can find evidence in hell--which is full of people who didn't read Dante.

Before you enter, remember the sign (Beware the Dog) and first visit the plains of Troy where you will find all the billions who didn't read Homer and give up war forever.

If this doesn't encourage you, try the marriage bed where the luckless lovers who didn't read Romeo & Juliet are impotent; then skip over to the execution chamber at Sing Sing, where Oedipus Rex is having his eyes put out for continuing to murder even after Sophocles told him it was too late.

I conclude from the evidence: Art works--but only for God, and he doesn't need it. For the rest of us, it's just all that's left before the little man comes and sews it up and totes it away.

But never mind, what else is more effective than a bit of Ives or Picasso or Ristau? It makes you know you really were there before it was too late....

2) "Wouldn't an artist, if at a revolution, do more with a gun than a paintbrush?"

He has to shoot the paint brush so quick everybody thinks it's a gun. At the speed of light everything is a rocket. The important thing is not the weapon but the right aim.

3) "I ask myself: 'Do I have any evidence that I persuade anyone to action or thinking with a poem I write?'"

Why not use my answers as evidence? They'll do till better ones come along.

4) "If I write a play on a theme which has Negro equality as its importance, do the people who see it really come to believe Negroes need equality?"

They may not believe it. The Negro people may not "need" it, but they're sure going to get it. The way you put it blurs the answer. People are forced independent of their will into struggle which, with the help of their will, changes their conditions. You can write libraries full of arguments against Negro equality, and it won't stop the parade. On the other hand, what counts is how you write on the winning side. Then you can become Heine--even if they call you Ristau.

5) "Isn't the artist just possibly deluding himself into being a red-hot rebel?

Maybe the trick is to have the right delusions? Then you can become Leonardo who thought he could fly; and even--as he told the duke--dreamt he could "also paint." The crime is to write out

of yesterday's illusions. As I note elsewhere (and before Glenn's flight), we have to write poems that can be read while the reader is travelling at 17,500 and hour.

What can be more revolutionary? Revolutions not only against the old society and the old illusions but the old language. The artist is a triple threat or nothing—revolutionary on all fronts —from the picket line to the linotype.

You take it from here...

* * * *

Gloria Tropp

TAYLOR MEAD

ALARMS
feed
THIS
ROOM
a
breathing
ALL SILVER
AND laughter
BOXES
burn
FOR
WALLS

like youths on a suicidal bridge
of BRIGHT GREEN tables and daffodils
to burn
FOR
WOOD
like other wild flowers
delicate flesh brawny
WITH CHLOROPHYL

to your PALMS

colours
gather

A
PRESENCE OF RADIANCE

to
mold
at your leisure

of technology's illusions, in a more elsewhere time before Orwell (1984), we have to relive some that can be seen which the reader is translating on 17,000 and more.

Such can be more revolutionary revolutions not only against the old society and the old literature, but the old language. The series is a single thread or nothing--revolutionary in all forms--from the pocket line to the laboratory.

Jim Sims is from Ontario...

* * * *

Oberle Troop

SAVING DEAD

AIRSEC
load
FIRE
FOOD

a
breathing
ALL GROWS
and Insurer-
SPACE
burn
FOR
DATIA

like rocks in a volcanic bedrock
of FEELING ALONG values and difficulties
in burn
FOR
TOOD

like ocean with flowers
Oberle Plant Terrey
WHY DO YOU
in your FACE

colours
glower

a
Pioneers of Spirits

to
gold
at your Indoors

Poem to Lee Forest/a commemoration/
or recourse to Elemental Beauty

---

i had envisioned you
before
on spontaneous pilgrimages
to Mexico
quick flight to the border of reality
to beyond time journey
across
dispossessed farmlands
deep into mountain passes of darkness and no
actual
habitation
between live
and dead volcanic forms
prehistoric
draped in foggy dew
and smell of rotting
vegetation
(hiss of a
lizard)

to Mexico
in quest of seclusion
where blue ether touches everywhere
on
the infinite horizon
and
return
was a thought which
/alone/
followed DEATH

thrown back into
this seething/
formless reality by
reverberating series of planetary disturbances/////

actual surprise return/ created again to
create/again
/and again
(form of the 1st
born child/bathed
in black and white/ new
moonlite
/blood of a lamb at
PASSOVER)

and encountered your physical
shape
in the park
beauty moves in
/infinite measure/
among the blades of
grass

strains of
liquid music
waft out from
behind your
nebulous approach
how
double swift
rush the
torrential pulses
toward
no resistance
your
lovely and placid countenance

hard
mortal shell skin burnt brown with
many days in the sun
broken teeth no longer chew
much hair as a token
startled your eyes open
on me
ringed with salt of
old tears
bleaching away the flesh
around
them

how gracefully
still
you turn away
too full of
LOVE
to reject

we
turn to our places
too
suspended in
this energy of love

and feel your white
substance sift
quietly
away
/as Helen
from Faust's fevered
hand/
/you return
to weaving/

Allen W. De Loach

CENSORSHIP

(Dedicated to Jack Micheline's
essay, "The Lions Still Roar")

do not fear me,
I am gentle.
I will not tear you
limb from limb.
Censor me and I will scream,
and sticks and stones may
break my bones
but who am I to say.
I know you do not say
what is
and what will be
but I also know you say
what is not
and will not be.
Father, forgive them
they know not what they do.
Can you hear me staffing knife?
Now I lay me down
to sleep
and give the day
the world to keep,
for I shall die before daybreak,
God damn it,
let me die my way.

Lenore Kandel NO CLOCK NO TIME

oh yes I am beautiful and yes you are beautiful lying here with my
blue-jeaned buttocks against the grey rug there are leaves on the
floor where the wind left them dry my fingers break them like spices
drift out again like heavy dust I lie there listening to Anita O'Day
in the after noon laughing bubbles my body up and down but silent I
smile sit up and drink my beer the sun warms my warm shoulders filtering
through long tall glass called windows ah sweet not insane but unsane
asane who questions the mind of god gives IQ tests to angels pins down
the sex life of rivers today this morning started with pink geraniums
and peeing among the fallen leaves I watched the stream of my urine
dark the ground flow downhill make islands in the dust concentrating
miraculous flow out of me changing the earth wet where it was dry watch
it pour out of me hot from my insides steaming squeeze my muscles
pushing off the last small drops and empty bladdered walking back
feeling the early of it all no clock no time
this now house lives way up and take a lot of walking to I stand spread
legged and watch the trees dance while my breath cools down feet on
red brick beside the welcome door of old house house and now
against the nubby carpet's grey dirt feel good to my fingers look can I
explain to you the sharing we made three of us and love I keep forgetting
you know everuthing god is omniscient and can spell all the words
I am woman times twelve I am mathematics purified by jazz I am a lump
of love surrounded by words and we have dined today on pretty dexamyls
lifting little pills with dainty fingertips into the cavern of my mouth
flooding beer down my intestinal yardage rainbow slack and wind-y
my toes are like fingers long and shaped sensitive I could caress you
with my feet there is no part of my body ignorant of love
today I combed my hair with my fingers long hair long fingers had no
needed no comb washed my face in cold water and let the morning dry
it wiping my hands along my sides happy
and YES and YES and I won't STOP I'm going to cross America by pogo stick
curious I smell my skin bending my head to my forearm enjoying the
s mell of myself the skin warm from the sun releasing its spicy oils
shadow of blue veins examining the small lines of my hands raise my
eyes to the gree glass window and vision of beyond Monk is talking
to himself out loud and we are rolling careful cigarettes in wheat
straw paper why you smoke them skinny cigarettes, mama? sucking sweet
smoke and autumn air the ritual tight mouth pass to the finger burning
lip singeing end my tweezer nails are scorched ten days of friendly
turn on this one too much the beer cans are breeding covering the floor
I lie back wishing I could turn somersaults listen to the flood of
bright beautiful words counterpointing old Monk through the high vault
room us angels soar purity purity untrackable purity outside the trees
are whispering making poetry about us sending broken leaves through the
door every time the wind blows it blows often rolling another joint I
watch those tender fingers
good words we blow good words better silences

(cont. next page)

Lenore Kandel (cont.)

another heart shaped bitter pill we brush fingers in gnomic ritual
sipping slow beer blending sweet roach ends in the tip of a cigarette
you pass it to me hanging billiard eyed to the door post I suck in
deeply and turn to stone barely able to pass it on transfixed too beautiful
at the edge of fear one step beyond control bees in my veins terror awed
crouched there aware of room grey rug green window books records music
spiraling down can't do a thing butterfly pinned to a postcard heavy
armed too far out COME BACK
can't breathe and then I can and high but here again frightened let my
breath out but already regretting my return too much to take but worth it
look around as one returned from the dead time travel east yesterday
sip beer like salvation holding the pure reality beer can peer the room
around catching the spark of your eye and break up laughing WITH YOU so
with so part of fat warm feeling floods through me I stay quiet and appreciate
feel it flow through my body elbows and fingernails across the room the
green window is built of little panes of glass irregular glass if I ran
my fingers over it it would be like tracing a relief map it would be a
relief but getting up I stare out the kitchen window face to face with
frongy trees a bird flies by gasping me at his calm these trees are
eucalyptus trees their bark hangs like witches hair the wind is blowing
eucalyptus nuts against the window I am leaning on sunlight
sitting between you I form a triangle you whisper to me squatting by my
side that this is how they shit in China you shout to me with your
phosphorescent eyes
how beautiful we are and we are and we are

Al Katzman

THE DIFFERENCE

I have made mistakes
honestly, that is
the trouble. Love
she said, should

be said more
slowly and ran
from the house.
words could not catch her

as such. Honesty is
so slow, that
is the
trouble.

R. C. Wilson

Village Madman

Madman
spawned from tense old south
what tragedy brought you
into drugged alley wanderings
through rooms and beds?
What curse left you
a hopped up mad dog biting
young girls breasts
imprinting the form of a butterfly
and holding your cock swollen,
inflamed by a fix of amphetamine,
cursed your mother
Madman
forty some odd years
a beaten face, broken nose,
half weeping half leering
you go footing the edge of sanity
no stimulant nor depressant is forbidden
your eyes reflect the inferno that has
consumed all but its own death;
consumed your genius glares
like a naked light bulb
charms the innocent you rob
Madman
you smear and you scrawl ravings
prowling an unending nightmare
you go footing the edge of sanity
slipping you may land
dazed on dawn in strange scenes
a punchdrunk Prince of the Hipsters
a true "Beat" you are
Saint of Hell

R. C. [illegible]

Village Idiot

[illegible] man
[illegible]ered from tense old [illegible]
[illegible]ot tragedy brought you
[illegible]ho dragged alley [illegible]
through room and [illegible]
[illegible] curse lick you
[illegible] hoppe[illegible] up and dog biting
young girls breasts
transforming the form of a butterfly
holding your cock swollen,
inflamed by a fix of amphetamine,
cursed your mother
madman

forty some odd years
a beaten face, broken nose,
half weeping half leering
you go footing the edge of sanity
[illegible] nauseant nor unpressant is forbidden
[illegible] eyes reflect the inferno that has
[illegible]ed all but its own death;
[illegible]ed your genius [illegible]
like a naked light bulb
charms the innocence you [illegible]
madman

[illegible] sweat and your normal feelings
[illegible]ing an unwelcoming nightmare
[illegible] footing the edge of sanity
sit: [illegible] you may land
dawn [illegible] dawn in strange scenes
a [illegible]hunk Prince of the Hipsters
[illegible] "Death" you are
[illegible] of Hell.

POEM with a line from Micheline (May 1963)

(the old testament

famine
locusts
drownin chariots
lambs on the altar

hes jealous of orgasm
(poetics now
ginsberg is god
olson is god
cecil taylor ornette coleman &coltrane ARE
god
is love
BUT JEHOVAHS A MOTHERFUCKER

like I DONT GIVE A SHIT FOR GOD
OR RELIGION OR FUCKIT ALL

because I
KISS
ANGELS

(i kiss angels
hear them/moanin
softly!

* * * *

Penrod

The Traveler And The Satyr

A Satyr noticing a Traveler at the mouth of his cave on a bitterly cold and windy evening, took mercy on him and invited him to spend the night. The Traveler gratefully accepted his invitation and when he had entered the cave he blew on his cold hands. "Why do you blow on your hands?" The Satyr asked. "I blow on my hands to make them warm." The Traveler said. The Satyr nodded understandingly and offered his guest a bowl of hot soup. When the Traveler had taken a few sips from the soup he started blowing on it. "Why do you blow on the soup," the Satyr asked, "is it not hot enough?" "No," The Traveler said, "I

blow on the soup to cool it." "Well!" Said the Satyr, angrily shoving the Traveler from his cave out into the cold, "I'll have no one in this cave who blows hot and cold with the same breath!"

Moral - Never tell a fool the truth.

* * * *

Erik Kiviat

Poem to Francis Bacon

Trees that rise
like swirling gases
from the ground.

Dog of an immense
fierceness
snapping out of
white canvas
Broken figures
entwined among
fastgrowing grasses
they will cover
and be lost
behind the years.

Trees that rise
like swirling gases
from the ground.

Reptilian face
of the abattoir
under skin parasol
Great sides of meat
raw and red
Jesuses in a
hundred guises
writhing equally.

Trees that rise
like swirling gases
from the ground.

(cont.)

(Kiviat cont.)

The intense
intelligent
animal hatred
of the baboon
And the curious
young funny
human eyes
of the chimpanzee.

Trees that rise
like swirling gases
from the ground.

Agonised figure
on impersonal sofa
grimace of years
scream of pain
arm impaled by
a white and steel
glass and metal
syringe.

Trees that rise
like swirling gases
from the ground.

And dancers dancers
turning whirling
figures hips arise
spontaneously
from stomachs
the pope oh the
purple pope! and the
elephant slowmajestic
mournful fording
the river across
a brownshadowed
sunset.

Trees that rise
like swirling gases
from the ground.

The Big Apple Part 4.

A question?/is the Apple a fruit
roundish and red and colors of all people
Or is Apple /the tree itself
being a fruit of more capabilities?
Tilting the Apple
not knocking the worms off
always
but trying to polish the surface
leaving the worms underneath
in their band festival
like a Paris pickpocket convention!
It is always the policeman who asks the time
and I wearing no watch
duel him to the sun
O damn it law wake to your possibilities
and that badge went out long before
the throwing of the golden calf!
I often stand with young Lesbians
and count the thieves
as they come and go with their Woolworth
shopping bags
which seem to be filled with halloween
pumpkins and the last of last years candy
canes.

Thor riding lightning on Bleecker Street
Taylor Mead being vamped by Tuesday Weld
Christ on a cane
The sun in Tiffany's window/my God a sale!!!

notes

Al Katzman - NYC, Hardware Poets Playhouse; ed Judson Review, Hesperidian Press; POEMS FROM OKLAHOMA.
Alex R. Wiener - NJ poet-painter; ed CHIMAERA; MERELY ECHOES.
Allen W. De Loach - NYC from Fla; ed INTREPID newsletter w/ Will Inman.
Aram Saroyan - NYC; LeMetro.
Bonnie Bremser - NJ jazz-fiend.
Roberts Blossom - actor-playwright-poet; EXCUSOLOGY OF THE OCEAN (Interim).
Barbara Jarvik - Expected back in NYC soon.
Barbara Moraff - Vermont; in FOUR YOUNG LADY POETS and BEAT COAST EAST.
Carol Berge - NYC; in FOUR YOUNG LADY POETS; numerous mags.
Charles Guenther - St. Louis poet-translator; MODERN ITALIAN POETS (Inferno P)
Ed Sanders - NYC; ed FUCK YOU/A Magazine of the Arts; says of consuela: "She's head-turkey in a times sq. Gobble Gang & part-time pacifist."
Gerard Malanga - NYC; ed Wagner Review; several poetry prizes; his SONNETS to appear soon in book form.
Gloria Tropp - NYC; jazz-poetry.
Harold Carrington - At present hung up in Trenton State Prison.
Jack Micheline - NYC; ed SIX AMERICAN POETS; I KISS ANGELS; Third Rail Press.
Jay Socin - NYC, ed INTERIM Books; painter-moviemaker (HAPPY DEATH); BACKFIRE.
Jerry Greenberg - NYC from Berkeley.
Jim Brody - NYC poet & critic.
John Keys - NYC ed SUM; THE LONG TRAIN THAT DIDN'T COME BACK TO PROVE IT (Int.)
Jonas Kover - NYC; ed THEO w/ Frank Murphy.
Judson Crews - NM; HERMES PAST THE HOUR; knows the real music of words.
A. Kirby Congdon - NYC, ed CRANK BOOKS, MAGAZINE; painter-sculptor; IRON ARK, CENTURY OF PROGRESS, ICARUS; US ed Plumed Horn & Poetmeat.
Lenore Kandel - SF belly dancer-poet;
Lynn Fisher - NYC poetess.
Margo Love - NJ; recluse.
Paul Blackburn - NYC poet-translator; in The New American Poetry; PROENSA, THE DISSOLVING FABRIC, BROOKLYN-MANHATTAN TRANSIT, THE NETS.
Penrod - Pseudonym for NYC poet-playwright-novelist.
Ray Bremser - Hung in Rahway Prison NJ; BLUES POEMS exp. from Fuck You Press.
R. C. Wilson - Rusty, NYC poet.
Stephen Tropp - NYC; jazz-poetry; in BEAT COAST EAST.
Stanley Fisher - NYC painter; ed BEAT COAST EAST.
Szabo - NYC; pacifist from Chicago.
Ted Berrigan - NYC; ed C mag w/ Lorenz Gude.
Tuli Kupferberg - NYC; Birth Press;ed YEAH, SWING; 1001 WAYS TO LIVE WITHOUT WORKING, THE CHRISTINE KEELER COLORING BOOK.
Walter Lowenfels - NJ; several books of poetry & prose.

Erik Kiviat - NYC, co-ed YOWL; owner of valuable notebook w/ Miro aegis; painter of amoebic creatures w/ lots of internal plumbing; student of herpetology & ethnobotany is constantly travelling from Here to There.

George Montgomery - NYC, co-ed YOWL; a pacifo-anarchist who raises beagles; fri nite famous parties; originator of Cockman, himself is notorious cocksman of lower east; his BIG APPLE to appear as a book eventually.

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B L U E B E A T - table of contents

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